

THE PACIFIC

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FOR THE MASTER.

"This for the Master's sake I do"—

Ah, magic words to make life sweet!
Devotion, utter, single, true,
Solves all, blends all, crowns all complete.

My joy for Him more joyful is.
More bright my small successes seem,
Because I count them part of His,
And know He marks my candle-beam.

Is grief, too, for the Master's sake?
Ay! grief, blest grief, refines us well!
A heart may sweeten though it break,
And trust though nature says, "Rebel!"

The outward seeming of each day—
Defeat or triumph—matters naught.
Deep peace, sweet peace, to all who say,
"This day the Master's will I wrought."
—James Buckham.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE UNDESIRABLE WOMAN VOTER.

We are hearing it this way in California just now: "The bad woman will have the same right to vote as the respectable woman, and the former will be certain to vote while the latter will not."

A Los Angeles suffrage advocate has looked into this matter, and has ascertained that so far as the women of the "underworld" are concerned there is not much to fear. In September, 1910, the captain of police took a census of those women in Los Angeles and found that there were at that time in that city 1,451. He was interviewed recently and being asked what effect these women would have politically he replied: None whatever, for they would be obliged to register, which would necessitate giving their names, residence and occupation." This, not many would do.

The Rev. Dr. Dana W. Bartlett of Bethlehem Institute and Mrs. Von Wagner of the City Housing Commission were asked what in their judgment would be the attitude of the wives of the dissolute men of the slums, and the replies were that they would undoubtedly vote for better conditions.

So small is the proportion of bad women to good women in California that even if all the former were to register and vote, it would not be damaging in result.

VICE WIDESPREAD IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Investigations made by a leading daily paper in the last few days disclose the fact that vice was never more open and widespread in San Francisco than at the present time. It is stated that the investigations were carried on in those places to which admission was easy and which could not fail to be obvious to the blindest policeman on the beat. The laws of California make it the duty of policemen to give information against and to assist in prosecuting all persons whom they have reasonable cause to believe to be offenders, and neglect or refusal so to do

constitutes a misdemeanor. Evidently San Francisco policemen are fit candidates for the blind asylum; and Mayor McCarthy if he really thinks he can persuade the people to believe that he is not responsible for the disgraceful condition must be next door to the asylum for lunatics.

So open and brazen is gambling of various kinds that nearly all the resorts have outside agents engaged in working up patronage and in some districts public solicitations are made. Anyone in the vicinity of the resorts is pretty certain to receive invitation to enter and to participate.

Notwithstanding the fact that there is a city ordinance which forbids the keeping open between the hours of one o'clock a. m. and six a. m. any saloon, dance house or drinking place where liquor is sold and music furnished or played, such places were in full blast last Sunday morning.

"There was no such thing as a limit to dancing on the Barbary Coast Saturday night and Sunday morning," says an investigator. "Just as long as the crowds lasted the dancing went on. Only once or twice did the music or dancing cease suddenly, and that occurred when the 'police buzzers' rang out a warning and the crowds on the floors were ordered to break and clear the floor before two sturdy bluecoats walked through the places."

The gambling which is going on so brazenly in San Francisco is in plain violation of the penal code, which declares that "every person who deals, plays or carries on, opens or causes to be opened any game of faro, monte, roulette," etc., "or any banking or percentage game played with cards, dice, or any device for money, checks, credits or other representative of value is guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punishable by a fine not less than \$100 nor more than \$500, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

And any person who knowingly permits any of the games in any house owned or rented by him is punishable in like manner. Further, "every district attorney, sheriff, constable or police officer must inform against and diligently prosecute persons whom they have reasonable cause to believe offenders, and every officer refusing or neglecting so to do is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Inasmuch as San Francisco is to have a great world exposition soon, it is to be hoped that before the time for it shall have arrived men will be at the head of civic affairs who believe in enforcing the laws. We have faith to believe that it will be thus; that Mr. McCarthy's appeal to the element desiring a "wide-open town" will disgust and alienate not a few who might otherwise support him, and he be buried under such an avalanche of votes that his head will never appear again politically.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

By the time this issue of The Pacific reaches the homes of its readers the prison doors at San Quentin will have closed on Henry P. Dalton, who for seventeen years filled the office of assessor in Alameda county and was a power there in politics. A man of genial characteristics and of exceptional nerve and energy, he had many friends in the business and political world, and hearts widely are pained at his downfall and are saddened at the thought that sev-

eral years must be passed by him behind prison doors.

According to the evidence it was a plain case of guilt, and one of the amazing things is that the accused man had the daring to go on the witness stand and testify that the money found on his person, money that had been marked by the officers of the law, was a loan to him from the corporation from which he was charged with the solicitation of a bribe. Mr. Dalton was caught the moment that money was handed over to him by the Spring Valley Water Company under the direction of the district attorney and he should have realized and have acted accordingly—at least should not have added perjury to the other crime. It is not surprising that the judge who sentenced him to San Quentin for eight years should have remarked when he pronounced sentence: "As you told your story upon the witness stand, I am frank to state to you that there was no feeling in my heart regarding the story, other than one of deep sympathy and pity for you that you should have told such a story as that. The story in every aspect failed to bear the earmarks of truth. I am sorry, indeed, that you did that, because in taking that into consideration in the sentence, it makes the matter worse."

The judge in passing sentence also said to the condemned man: "You are a man of power. You are a man, in my judgment, who was born to be a leader among men. That power you have displayed during the course of the trial. I watched you during the course of the entire trial, with this jovial appearance, your supposed jovial appearance, with your handclasp ready for the persons who came in; but beyond and behind it all I saw the feeling in your heart of deep trouble. That I realize is simply your ability, your power to put a bold, brave appearance upon the outside. I am satisfied that you had the same feeling that anyone else would have under such trying circumstances."

It seems to have been Mr. Dalton's idea that he could brave the thing through to an acquittal, and the nerve of the man was astounding. Scarcely in the history of criminal procedure can there be found a man who went through trial as smilingly and complacently as Mr. Dalton did. Not once publicly did he show any emotion, and it is not at all certain that he did even in private after conviction and sentence. One of the daily newspapers, one not always reliable, states that, in the privacy of a room adjoining the court room, after sentence had been pronounced, "he for a long time with bowed head and shaking shoulders and sobbed like a child." Sending then for the district attorney who had prosecuted him to conviction, they were closeted for a while, and as the attorney emerged from the trying ordeal his eyes were seen to be filled with tears. Back at the jail a loving wife was the first to meet him, and sacred to them was that interview.

Never perhaps in the history of California has a man been sent to the penitentiary with more sorrow in the hearts of the people of the community in which he lived. We are not, however, of the number who have been able to look with favor on Mr. Dalton's political career. We are unable to get free from the strong impression that the soliciting of a bribe from the water company was not his first step in crime. But be that as it may, his sin has found him out—as sin always does every man who sins, sooner or later. It is a hard road to travel—the prison road; but Mr. Dalton is on the way to a better manhood. There is a power in the universe that makes for righteousness. Mr. Dalton is in the grip of that power.

THE PASTOR HAD THE LAST WORD.

Last Sunday the president of a carpenter's union in Los Angeles spoke at a meeting of the Brotherhood of the First Congregational Church of that city. In the course of his address he declared that the attitude of the Church toward labor was "a hostile one, not because of personal convictions, but because of the influence brought to bear. The church is writhing under the capitalistic lash. It dare not promulgate the truth, concerning social conditions."

The pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day, took occasion to remark at the close of the address: "I have been preaching for twenty years and I have never yet had such a charge brought against me. If I have failed to get deeply into the special question of labor it has not been because I was afraid or because I was influenced by capitalistic interests. It is not always expedient or right to discourse upon the subject of capital and labor, nor do I believe in making the church a place for political discussion."

It was a word fitly spoken! It is to be hoped that more ministers will take occasion to put in a word now and then when over-zealous agitators misrepresent the Church as to its attitude toward labor. There is a great deal of this misrepresentation. Some of it is intentional; some unintentional, often the persons so declaring not understanding the Church.

Very few Christian men and women can be found today who are not thoroughly sympathetic with the workingmen in their desire and lawful effort to better the conditions of the great army of toilers. But they wish wise action, not unwise. And at present this fact should be kept well in mind: Between the great capitalists and the combinations of capital, and the increasing demands of the laboring man, the average man in business is having a hard row to hoe. When this class is taken into consideration it is seen that only a little more aggression is needed on the part of workingmen to make many a business wholly unprofitable. The workingman ought not to be so unwise as to kill the fowl that lays the golden egg, even though it be not quite so large an egg as he may desire.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Work on the new house of worship of Plymouth Church, Seattle, a picture of which appears in The Pacific this week, is progressing nicely, and it is thought that the building will be ready for use in January.

A Pacific Coast Theological Conference is being held this week at Vancouver, British Columbia. Many ministers in the different denominations in Washington are in attendance. Among the speakers are Professor Stalker of Aberdeen, Scotland, and Principal Garvie of London.

Pilgrim Church, Seattle, supports in the Japanese mission field the Rev. Dr. George Allchin of Osaka. Dr. Allchin is now in the homeland. He is listed to take departure from Seattle on the Minnesota, which sails September 18th, and Pilgrim people are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to a visit from him just before his departure to resume his work in Japan.

The pulpit of Plymouth Church, Seattle, was occupied July 16th and 23d by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Silcox of Kansas City. During Dr. Silcox's thirty-five years in the ministry he has been out of the pulpit, on account of sickness, only

one Sunday. Several of his many years in the ministry were spent in California—in Oakland, San Diego and Sacramento. The church of which he is now pastor in Kansas City, Westminster Congregational, is planning a \$30,000 building for its growing Sunday-school.

Most of the Seattle Congregational churches are having during the vacation week only a morning service. At the Queen Anne Church last Sunday the Rev. Dr. Strong had as a topic, "Christianity's Corner-Stone." Dr. E. L. Smith of Pilgrim spoke on "Luther's Great Discovery." Dr. Temple in Edgewater Church, on "John's Vision of Christ." Mr. Mason of the University Church on "The Teacher and the Public." Mr. Storrs of Prospect on "The Apostolic Benediction." Mr. Withington of Keystone on "The Spirit of Prophecy." At the Brighton Church Mr. R. D. Nicholls had as a subject "The Prophet and His Message." The Rev. E. T. Dunstan, who has been platform manager at the Northwest Chautauqua this year was in his pulpit in West Seattle, both morning and evening. Dr. Silcox was with Plymouth Church in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. This by no means completes the list of the Congregational churches in Seattle. They number 19, but our sources of information as to such matters as are herein touched on did not reach to all.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

An open-air service is held each Sunday evening this summer in front of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York City.

Temperance Sunday in the Sunday-schools comes this year on the 10th of September. The next day the great contest between the temperance and the liquor element in Maine will be fought out at the ballot-box.

The hot weather in the East this summer recalls the torrid heat in July, 1881, the year that President Garfield was shot. There was also a great drought that year which was not broken in many states until late in October.

About 30,000 college students in the United States attended Bible classes regularly for two months or more the last year, one-third of these following daily Bible study. Twenty per cent of these were not professing Christians. The studies led more than 1,200 into the Christian life.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of New York, is likely to lose a conditional gift of \$100,000 by the death of Mr. Smith Ely. He had offered to give that amount toward a \$500,000 endowment for the benevolent and charitable work of the church, provided the balance was pledged by a certain date. It is stated that his death necessitates abandoning the project.

The International Congress Conference for the suppression of the opium evil, which President Taft called for May, and which has been twice postponed by the secret opposition of vested interests, is expected to convene in October, although Germany and Holland are making some opposition. The International Reform Bureau, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., has published a six-page concise statement of opium history from the beginning in India down to the fourth British Treaty of May 8th last. This statement has been revised by high officials in the United States and the anti-opium leaders in Great Britain,

hence it may be considered the most authoritative statement that has been issued on the subject. It will be sent free to any who apply with stamp.

Bishop Rowe of the Episcopal Church writes concerning the Indians in Alaska: "I found on my last winter's trip such disease, misery, squalor, want—that it is on my conscience, and I have determined to go to Washington this coming fall and plead with President and Congress for some remedial help. The Government has never done anything on behalf of these, its wards, and now something must be done, unless we stultify ourselves as a civilized nation before God and the world. The native people are sick, ailing like 'Lazarus at our doors,' and we are simply letting them die without pity and without help. The presence of the white race in Alaska, exploiting it to their own greed, has made it very difficult for the natives to get food enough for life—for their little ones."

The population of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales is 45,200,000. Ireland has decreased 1.27 per cent during the last decade. The London Christian says in a recent survey: "We find that rural life continues to be less attractive, and several counties in the Northwest of Scotland, in the North of England, and in Wales tell the same tale—Scotland sending much of its best young blood across the seas. Towns and cities are practically stationary, whereas the suburbs show marvelous development. Inner London has somewhat decreased, but Outer London has increased by some 700,000. The only religious census taken was that in Ireland, and—in view of certain coming events—it is worthy of note that the Irish Roman Catholics number at present 3,238,656, whereas the Protestants number 1,134,889. The Protestant host is therefore formidable enough to be seriously considered, and as compared with Romanism is more than holding its own. These figures merit our deepest pondering, and raise problems that will demand the best efforts of the Church and the State for their solution."

The first Jews to come to the United States were Portuguese and Spanish. The German came next, and lastly the Russian. The American Israelite pictures graphically the successive immigrations along with mention of some leading characters: "When the German Jews first began to arrive in large numbers, around the latter forties of the last century, there were probably no more than thirty thousand Jews in this country, two-thirds of whom were of Spanish or Portuguese descent. When the first great wave arrived, about 1881, there were in this country, in round numbers, about three hundred thousand Jews, ten times the previous number, about two-thirds of whom were of German descent, the other third consisting of Portuguese, English, Dutch, Austrian and Russian Jews. By the time when Russian immigration will have shimmered down to figures correspondingly as low as those of our present immigration from Germany, it is not at all unlikely that the Russo-Jewish population of the United States will have risen to three millions. The Portuguese had settled in this country for nearly two hundred years when the Germans arrived; out of their small numbers arose men like Judah P. Benjamin, the most eminent Jewish statesman this continent has yet brought forth, a poetess like Emma Lazarus, a sculptor like Moses Ezekiel, patriots like Col. Franks, Mendes Seixas and Mordecai Noah, personalities like Rebecca Gratz; considering their small numbers, the Portuguese took high rank in American culture. The German

Jew, in something like sixty years of residence, has achieved much in commerce and the professions, has done respectable work in art, little worth mentioning in literature; he is evidently far as yet from having reached the zenith of his achievements. When the German Jew came, the Portuguese Jew was just ripening into fulfillment; the Russian Jew on the other hand, found his German brother still struggling valiantly for complete acclimatization. The next five or six decades ought to bring forth some marvelous developments in the rivalry between the keen intellect of the German and the intense ambition of the Russian Jew. We are still far as yet from having taken our place in the leadership and unfoldment of American civilization. The struggle to earn bread and to gain a foothold has absorbed the best of our energies."

AN INQUIRY.

To the Editor of the Pacific:

I, too, am a minister, and out of sheer sympathy with my fellow-workmen I have almost never had a word of public criticism of their work to offer, whatever grumblings I may have cherished in secret. The best of us does his work under grave limitations, and we need encouragement more than we need the pointing out of our shortcomings. To our own Master we stand or fall.

And yet, I turn to the "Pacific" today with this letter of inquiry, in the hope that it may call forth some discussion in your columns of the frank protest that it offers. It is by no means a merely rhetorical inquiry, neither is it self-answering. Some may even think it hyper-critical or unfair.

For years past, during a summer vacation of travel, I have always tried to worship on Sunday with a Congregational church; and again and again, in places large or small, in West and East, I have had the experience of listening to a preacher who seemed to have, for that particular occasion, no distinctively Christian message. He may have been speaking on some topic of the day, or on some phase of Old Testament criticism, or on some ethical or philosophical problem, but the sermon was devoid of anything that could possibly be regarded as spiritually uplifting. Not that it was too progressive, theologically! Not many of us are greatly concerned with theology in these days, but all of us have hearts that sometimes ache and wills that faint, and a fight to fight that demands continual reinforcement of divine grace and encouragement; and whatever the theology may be, we all want spiritual renewal—illumination, comfort, uplift, or rebuke. But in these cases of which I speak there was no message for the man fighting the fight. The sermons might have made good review articles, but they were not the words of messenger, or comforter, or prophet. They sent a hungry man away disappointed.

So I have grown a little fearful of Congregational pulpits in the summer, and yet always begin again bravely each year, being well assured that in most places there will be a man sent from God with a message.

Today I was an utter stranger in a good-sized city on our coast, and hunted out the one church of our order, not even knowing the pastor's name. The day was superb. The commodious church, seating say four hundred people, had perhaps eighty worshipers, not ten of whom were grown men. I wondered why. The text was one of the most movingly beautiful of the utterances of Jesus. But

from the time it was quoted, at the beginning, to the time when it was repeated at the close, not one word was spoken that suggested Christianity; hardly one that could by any stretch of charity, be called religious. It was a cheery, easy-going talk on the uses of rest, and of a vacation. It would have been interesting had I not been conscious that I was face to face with the grim tragedy of a man abjuring his vocation, leaving unspoken the divine message of grace and mercy that has cheered the hearts of the needy these many, many years; had I not been conscious that among those few score worshipers were men and women who would go away disappointed, because—and I see no escape from the conclusion—the shepherd had been untrue to his trust. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Is that not one of the soul's tragedies? Or is it a tragedy at all now, when we find it a sight so common?

Perhaps the event might not have made on me such an impression, save that a lady quite near me, evidently a stranger also, said to the pastor as he shook hands with her at the door, "I came hoping to hear the gospel today." It was said very gently and kindly, but it would be worth that minister's thinking on long and anxiously. I don't suppose she meant the "scheme of salvation" when she spoke of the gospel. No man can always introduce that. She meant something of the glad tidings Jesus preached—words that make God real, that bring him near, that cheer our cumbered lives with the message of his fatherly love.

Now this is the inquiry! Has a man a right to stand in a Congregational pulpit, even for one Sunday, and bring no Christian message? Should not every Sunday morning sermon—the address to the general worshipping congregation of the church—have in it something of the divine appeal to our spirits, so that it shall be felt to be spiritually unlifting? Men, at least, will not attend church save for "the real thing"; and the real thing, in a church of Christ, is the message Christ brought, the actual appeal of the Father to his children—the divine touch of love and holiness and grace.

The inquiry is not merely rhetorical. There must be wide differences of opinion in this matter, or we should not so often see these meagre congregations listening to men whose words are as arid as the desert—wise words, perhaps, and graceful, but unthrilled by the wonders of God's love and power.

If we are not ourselves thrilled by the reality of the grace and mercy and peace of which Jesus spoke, so that his message sounds in some measure from our lips, should we not step aside and give place to one who still speaks under the spell of that old story?

INQUIRER.

MT. HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Mary E. Bamford.

Those who have been in attendance on the Federate School of Missions, July 11-19, at Mount Hermon, in the Santa Cruz mountains, have had such opportunities of hearing speakers from different sections of the globe as to afford us another proof of the broadening of interests caused by the federation of different denominations in mission work. We had addresses by Rev. Hugh Taylor, Presbyterian missionary from Laos, North Siam; from Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Presbyterian workers in Utah, among the Mormons; from Mrs. L. E. Troyer, Baptist missionary

for four years at Coamo, Porto Rico; from Miss C. I. Pierson, Methodist deaconess, working among the immigrants at Angel Island, California; from Miss Florence Miller, field secretary of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions in the United States on Women's Jubilees, and on the Highlanders of Kentucky, among whom she has worked. We sat before a beautiful pageant, "From Darkness to Light," under the direction of Miss Edith Parsons of Saratoga, representing different nationalities, girls in costumes of the American Indian, Filipina, Japanese, Chinese, East Indies, Armenian, Negro, and on them shone the white light of the Cross of Christ. We sat, day after day, in the classes conducted by Mrs. D. B. Wells on the two text-books, Robert Speer's "Light of the World" and "The Conservation of National Ideals," and with notepads and pencils tried to save some of the words of wisdom that poured from the lips of that unique, witty and deep-thinking teacher. It was a wonderful opportunity for California women. Mrs. Wells also gave us morning Bible talks on "Growth"—"Growth through Correspondence with Elementals"; "Growth through Correspondence with Ideals"; "Growth through Correspondence with Actuals"; "Continuity of Growth." Extension work was talked of, and we were told that we were not to bottle up the things we had heard at Mt. Hermon, but were to carry them back to our churches. Oh, that we could have transported many of our women to Mt. Hermon, that they, too, might have been inspired by what they heard and saw!

There was a good table of Congregational missionary literature among the missionary tables in the new Federated Missions Building. One of the notable features of that table was that the literature was all free. Probably Congregationalists gave away more literature at Mt. Hermon than all the other denominations combined. For one, the writer of these lines is grateful for the free literature she had from that table, even though she, being a Baptist, did behold in the envelope series the one concerning Judson and also Carey on that Congregational table!

Among the Congregationalists at Mount Hermon were Mrs. F. B. Perkins and daughter of Oakland. Mrs. Perkins was indefatigable and most kind in locating us in the Missions Building and seeing that we were comfortable. She conducted our "family prayers" around the big fireplace Sunday morning, a homelike feature of the Missions Building. Another Congregationalist and daughter were Mrs. E. R. Wagner and Miss Elizabeth Wagner of San Jose. On Friday morning, July 14, Mrs. Wagner conducted the time allotted to "Methods in Young People's Work," and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, gave us a very interesting account of the way that mission study has been carried on by a group of young people at San Jose. "Adelante" (Forward) is their motto, and Miss Wagner passed among us the pretty little colored posters that showed their programs. It is delightful to see young ladies with practical experience in mission study. Mrs. Wagner spoke of the question of how to get hold of children in the mission home, the problem of the supervision of Young People's work, methods in the missionary committee, specific objects, mission study, etc. Miss Gilmore of Stanford spoke of there being between 90 and 100 girls in a mission study class there. It was suggested that a study class could get a set of ten books, bearing on the subject on hand, from the State Library, keep the books three weeks, and then renew for another three weeks. Young people are more ready to buy their mission study books than the women are.

Miss Laura Richards of Saratoga, first vice-chairman of the Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions, was another Congregationalist present. "What a cheery voice Miss Richards has!" said a visiting Baptist minister's wife. Miss Richards presided at Saturday's session of the Federate School, and at one of the two teas held in the Missions Building Miss Richards sent her hearers into gales of laughter by reciting a "missionary" poem that had been written for her by a friend when she was about sixteen. I fear the dignified columns of the Pacific would hardly accept the poem in full, but for days afterwards its lines would run through one's head. For instance, the last stanza admonishes,

"Laura, go and teach the heathen!
Take them butter-knives and such!"

From this it may be gathered that not all our meetings at Mt. Hermon were devoted to researches into Hinduism, Buddhism, Aminism, Confucianism, etc., though some were.

An account that must interest all denominations was that given by Miss Pierson of her work among the immigrants on Angel Island. This is a question that all our denominations must meet. The government has a fine building at Angel Island, and the immigrants are treated with kindness. The equipment is sufficient for now, but may not be in time. The Chinese women on the island show their gratitude to Miss Pierson in different ways. They give her pieces of dried fish and of a dreadful sponge cake. One Japanese woman gave Miss Pierson an egg that had been buried in Japan for two years. Many of the Japanese women are "picture-brides," and after the identification of the pictures, or after having been in the hospital, these Japanese women, with their bridegrooms, are taken to San Francisco by an officer, who sees that the marriages are duly performed before the couples go off to San Jose, Watsonville, or the Sacramento Valley. The sad part of immigration work is the deportation of Chinese women who will fall again into the hands of slave dealers at Hongkong. Miss Pierson has tried in vain to find somebody at Hongkong who will meet these women and save them from the slave dealers. Has any reader of the Pacific a friend in Hongkong to write to about this matter?

THE GLORY OF GOD'S HOUSE.

D. F. Fox.

[Sermon given at the services in dedication of Mayflower Church, Pacific Grove, Sunday, July 23, 1911.]

The latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former. Haggai 2:9.

These words regarding the temple were the prophet's answer to certain pessimists who were harking back to the past and making invidious comparisons. They saw the golden age only through memories' mellow light. With them the prevailing tint was blue. The times were out of joint. Former days were better. The race was dwindling. The nation was on the down-grade.

To these race belittlers the prophet makes reply: "We are not the degenerate sons of illustrious sires. The nation is not on the toboggan. The former times were different but not necessarily better. In the political and social revolution through which we are passing you have omitted the fundamental factor. There is a Divine purpose. This must be reckoned with. It demands a hearing. It is disclosed in our history. It removes mountains. It triumphs over impossibilities. Under its warm breath thought will

be ennobled, hope enlarged and coherence given the scattered energies enlisted. Think of the old temple. Remember its transforming, regenerative power—its inspirational value. Recall the past and you will see that we are ready for a great advance. Once again feelbings are to become giants, small men are to be made great, the integrity of the nation be made secure, a new era is to dawn and the "latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former."

How modern it all sounds. Haggai ought to be given a hearing. A man with such a message is needed. He is needed in society, in education, in politics, in the church. In an hour when there are not wanting those who tell us that the church has no really vital function in modern life, when its claims are ignored, its appeals treated with utter indifference, when men tell us that it has been outgrown and largely superseded by the school, the social settlement, clubs and fraternal orders, this message from Haggai is most timely. He helps us to get beneath the surface. He transcends our own limited experience, he gears us up with the great purpose of the ages.

On this high day of dedication I propose that we trace together some of the elements of this latter glory.

1. First of all there is the glory of imparting religious truth. And it is a glory. Horace Greely once said that "without the stump representative government cannot endure." By the stump he meant—public discussion face to face with the people. But if political truth is important, is not religious truth also? If economics are to be discussed, do not morals require adequate presentation? If truth needs careful consideration in the realm of temporal governments, does it not demand far more serious and careful consideration in the realm of the eternal kingdom?

We live in an age of transition. Men have always felt theirs to be an age of transition. Today everybody who is anybody is writing a book on sociology. On all hands men are urging reciprocity, tariff reform, municipal ownership, single tax, socialism, the initiative and referendum, fewer hours for the laboring man, better wages, a more equitable distribution of profits, and in the midst of it all there is turbulent dissatisfaction. Across the sea an explosion wrecks a throne. In Mexico an insurrection sends a president into exile. Humanity is like a troubled sea. But why is the sea troubled? Why do poets speak of the "moaning of the sad sea waves?" Why? Because of yonder in the sky sun and moon are tugging at the heart of the sea and from that tug it can never get away. A boy can not see his kite in the dusk of evening, but he feels its pull. And it is this tug at the human heart, this sense of the overshadowing power of another world that makes this one so glorious. It is a long stride in achievement from the child burning its finger at a candle to the intrepid explorer locating the north pole. And yet, how short the span. Stand by the cradle and ask, "What is Life?" Pause by the cot of the dying pilgrim and ask, "What is death?" In each case the answer is the same—a sigh; while over both the stars blink and the oracles of philosophy are dumb.

Just as we are about to turn away in despair we hear a voice sweet as a chime of silver bells saying, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me and ye shall find rest unto your souls." This final fundamental need of humanity can be met only through the impartation of religious truth, and so long as the church discloses to men these great facts of God and the soul, her latter glory will be greater than the former.

II. Again, there is the glory of evoking love and keeping life sweet. An ice palace glittering with prismatic beauty, is an interesting curiosity but a primitive log cabin from whose broad fireside the sparks ascend like a swarm of golden bees, brings a sense of comfort and sets the heart aglow with peace. Man is more than an adding machine. Life is not a legal code, a column of figures or a newspaper advertisement. Life is love, sentiment—the power to admire. The old pioneer was right when he asked that for a time they turn from the cold calculations of the multiplication table to the truer values of the heart.

"Tell me a tale of the early days,
Of the old-time pioneers,
Something a poor man understands,
With his heart as well as his ears."

Yes, the "heart's the part," and a very important part. For these finer sentiments are not to be left to take care of themselves.

In this great kingdom of love two things are sure to happen. On the one hand, you outgrow the objects of your loving interest. Don't you wonder at yourself as you look back? Or if not that, then the object of your love goes from you and left to journey alone, the way is lonely. "I've caught myself a wishing as I climb upon the chair
To wind the clock as I have done for more than fifty years,
A-wishing that the time had come for us to go to bed
With our last prayers and our last tears
Since little Wesley went."

But, thank God, there is One whose beauty we never outgrow and who never leaves us. "Lo, I am with you." Horace Bushnell, walking down the streets of Hartford, said to a friend: "I know Jesus Christ better than any man in Hartford and if he were to meet us he would say, 'There comes Horace Bushnell; he is one of my best friends.' 'I have a friend' is the glorious secret of every strong joyous Christian life and it is the undying glory of the church to tell men ever more that 'God so loved the world.'"

III. Once more, there is the glory of the redeeming grace of our God. However much men may theorize about sin, they know its damning reality. Every yielding to temptation, every indulgence in known wrong is a fall from the higher life and separation from God. A true God—all men feel—must abhor greed and selfishness, however refined the forms in which they appear. A sense of guilt burns the soul as the poisoned shirt of Hercules tortured his body. To rid themselves of this accusing guilt, to find peace, to obtain pardon, heathen peoples torture themselves. Civilized men sign pledges, resolve to do better, brace up, turn over a new leaf, only to find themselves like Mazeppa, of old, dragged by ungovernable steeds to the verge of the brink.

Here again, the latter glory is greater than the former. Our great Emancipator brings freedom from the tyranny of evil by snapping the chains of bondage. "He breaks the power of cancelled sin." After Lochlan Campbell had written Flora to come back, he lighted the big lamp and set it in the window each night so that its rays might light the pathway along which she would make her return and tell her of the welcome that awaited her within. "You may leave me alone for a while, I have such strange new thoughts," said a young man when, in spite of tired nerves and aching heart he realized the pardoning love of God. "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth ini-

quity." "Long as the light holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return." If that were not true there would be no Gospel to preach. No matter what the environment, it makes no difference about the heredity. Our God does not ask where you lived, or who your father was, He comes to all the sons of failure as they fall on the sloping stairs of misery and lifting them up, gives them another chance. "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee, go and sin no more," puts strength into the beating heart and makes the latter glory greater than the former.

IV. Then, too, there is the glory of unselfish service. Stevenson in "The Wrecker" has this paragraph. "It was inevitable that any creature of man's hand could long endure the barbarous mishandling of the sea, kicked as the schooner was from mountain-side to mountain-side, beaten and wrenched in every joint and sinew." But she did live through the storm and the sailors exclaimed, "God bless every man that swung a mallet on that strong hull; it was not for money only that he labored but to save men's lives." Stonewall Jackson, under a tree by the side of an Alabama road, overheard a soldier say, "The officers eat while the men starve." "True," exclaimed Jackson, calling the astonished private before him, "and share with them," and he divided a half-dozen acorns. In a gallery I was looking at a picture of a famous battle. There were the trees shot to pieces, the ground torn up, the smoke of battle rising from the guns of the moving soldiers as they hurried to a more favorable point of vantage. "Do you like it?" said a stranger, disturbing my reverie. "I do," I answered. Then, pushing back his gray locks and disclosing a scar across his forehead, he stepped in front of me and said in a spirit of patriotic devotion, "I was there." I am thinking of how much more this day means to the members and friends of this church than it can possibly mean to those of us who are your guests. We look on. You were there. We remember how, through the ravages of fire you were bereft of your church home just after your fine new organ had been installed. We know, too, of your tears, your anxious days, your sleepless nights. But we know also of your resolute determination to rebuild and the self-denial that it involved. No recognition, nor praise that we can bestow can make you happier than the joy that is yours today because of having thus wrought together. The real assets of the world are found in just such courage, sympathy, sacrifice. Thank God for the glory of unselfish service. Some things you can't pay for. Thus the best interests of humanity are conserved and in this way all society will be leavened until the neighborhood becomes a true brotherhood, and the latter glory is greater than the former.

V. And so I name also the glory of your bequest to the future.

The history of the Jew had a sublimity of faith interwoven with all their tragic sorrow. No matter to what part of the world the Jew might be driven—an exile in Babylon, bearing arms for Rome, a toiling galley slave—from every whither he turned with longing eyes and a loving heart to Jerusalem. There in the Temple on Mt. Zion his faith had a place on which to rest the ladder that to him reached up to heaven.

We, too, have a similar experience. Interblent more than we realize is the influence of the old church and the new where all the family sat together in the house of God. What pictures kindle into meaning, what memories of other days come trooping in, what a benediction is imparted as we recall it all. In some such way as this I am thinking of how the latter glory of this house shall be

greater than the former. The day is coming when you will go elsewhere. If not you, then your children. Soon they will step abroad into the absorbing avocations of life. Ten thousand evil influences will assail them to tear them from the anchorage of their faith. But in that hour also memories of this day and this house will come. Old songs learned here will move tunefully through the chambers of the soul. Before their eyes, into their hearts and upon their heads will come the significance of this completed temple of worship. Once more they will touch hands with the past and that touch will make them whole.

And so the glory will abide until it transmutes everything into the light of eternal day. In the land of the midnight sun, we could read a book at eleven o'clock at night. Then, for an hour, darkness overcast the sky. Another sixty minutes and aurora gleams were weaving a band of emerald around the pole. Now the gates of the morning were lifted, through crystal gulfs earth swung into day, and as all the world lay transfigured in the silver flood a new door opened in the soul—silence became vocal, color became speech.

So shall it be at last. Through the gates of immortality will stream the light that never fell on sea or shore and forever and ever the latter glory will be greater than the former.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. R. H. Campbell of Palo Alto spent his vacation in Yosemite and very delightfully.

The Rev. E. R. Fuller of Bakersfield occupied the pulpit of the North Berkeley Church last Sunday.

The Rev. George H. DeKay is supplying at Alameda, First, for three Sundays during Mr. Mears' vacation.

The pulpit of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. E. C. Oakley of San Mateo.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity are to listen to an address by the Rev. E. R. Fuller of Bakersfield. The address will relate to the Jew in the life of today.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, is having an enjoyable and profitable time in the East notwithstanding the heat. He has had considerable insight into various civic welfare activities in Rochester, N. Y., and in Boston, and a very interesting time at the George Junior Republic near Ithaca, N. Y. He plans to be back and in his pulpit again the 13th of August.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Barton of Chicago are enjoying Yosemite this week. After Dr. Barton's service in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland next Sunday, they will go to Southern California, where Dr. Barton is to supply for two Sundays each the First Congregational Church of Pasadena and the First of Los Angeles.

The Rev. F. H. Maar and Mrs. Maar have been spending a week at Inverness as the guests of the Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Wirt, who have a cottage there for the month of July. Mr. Wirt writes that Mr. Maar seems very much improved in health and that it was like old times to be with him thus again. We are glad to get this word and to give it out in The Pacific to the many who know and love this brother.

We also have pleasure in giving this week the finding of the council which met in May to dissolve the pastoral relation between Mr. Maar and the Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland. The one sending the finding of the ecclesiastical council says in his letter: "This should have reached you two months ago but got pigeon-holed, but not in my desk."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday morning by the Rev. E. C. Oakley of San Mateo.

Grass Valley.—Five persons were received to membership at the mid-summer communion service which was held last Sunday, making 21 received since the Rev. Ben F. Sargent entered on the pastorate last October. Sixteen of these united on confession.

Oakland, Market Street.—The church building, the ownership of which was transferred recently to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company by the sale of the lot on which it stands, has been bought by the church for \$310. Considerable of the material therein can be used in the construction of the new edifice.

Oakland, First.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday morning and evening by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton of Chicago. The Rev. L. L. Wirt, the assistant pastor, is absent on a vacation with his family. They are at Inverness. Since the organization of this church a little more than fifty years ago, 4,552 persons have been received to membership.

San Francisco, First.—The Rev. Dr. Aked has gone East on a vacation. He will be back to resume his work on the 3rd of September. During his absence the pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. George Laughton of Owosso, Michigan. While East Dr. Aked will fulfill an engagement to lecture at Chautauqua, which he had to cancel last year on account of illness. The third Sunday of September will mark the completion by Dr. Aked of twenty-five years in the ministry.

San Francisco, Japanese.—The Japanese Congregational Church has extended a unanimous call to Rev. J. K. Fukushima to become its pastor. Mr. Fukushima has served for five years as pastor of the Congregational Church at Fresno. His ministry has been highly successful and he is greatly beloved. He withdraws, much to the regret of his people, because he desires to take the full course of study in Pacific Theological Seminary, which he can do in connection with the San Francisco pastorate.

Los Angeles.—The Church of the Messiah, Los Angeles, whose elegant edifice was dedicated in May last, gave a reception on the evening of July 14th, to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ross Fisher on the eve of their departure on a vacation trip to the east. A numerous company assembled in the beautiful home and abounding good-will was

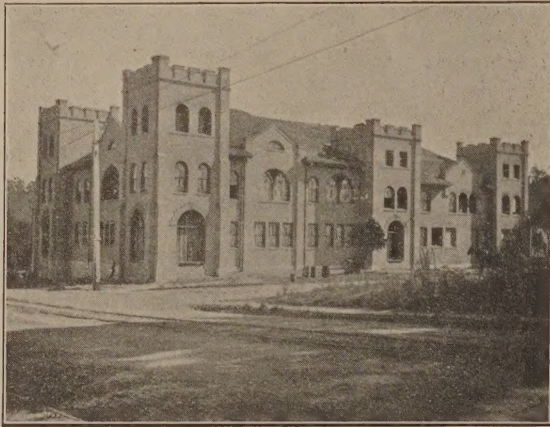
expressed. To the social entertainment of the hour was rendered finely executed vocal and instrumental numbers by the choir and others. During six Sundays Mr. Fisher will preach in South Norwalk, Conn., and Newtonville, Mass. His father, Rev. O. D. Fisher, will be visited in his parish at South Windsor. Rev. John L. Maile will be the ad interim preacher of the Church of the Messiah and the Olivet Church, of which he is the pastor, will in turn be supplied by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jenkins, D.D.

Pasadena, First.—About six months ago the Men's Club organized a Men's Bible Class in the Sunday-school which has had an average attendance of more than twenty. Three officers—a president, vice-president and secretary—form the executive committee and appoint the two leaders, who are given seven minutes each to open the discussion each Sunday. The Bible is the only text book used, the most interesting studies thus far being the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, taken up, one verse at a time. The class is just beginning the Sermon on the Mount. A Teacher's Training Class has also been formed during the past three months. The various meetings on the Pacific Coast during the summer have given us rare opportunities of having some of our distinguished men. Among those whom we have thus been privileged to hear were Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, Secretary Atkinson of the Brotherhood, Dr. Woodrow, Dr. Herring, and Dr. Robert A. Hume, who recently gave a statesmanlike address on conditions in India before the four Pasadena Congregational churches at the Wednesday evening meeting. During July and August, four leading churches of Pasadena—the Presbyterian, Episcopal, First Christian and First Congregational—are uniting in the evening service, the pastors taking turns in preaching.

Los Angeles, First.—During the second quarter of this year the Men's Brotherhood Class studied and investigated the subject of Immigration, being helped by those whose personal experience made them familiar with its problems. The end of the quarter was marked by an address, at the evening service of July 9, from Mr. J. E. Sprunger, State secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and a member of this church. Mr. Sprunger is the son of Swiss immigrants, and his story of their life and his labors among immigrants created a fresh interest in that class of our people. The class meets at the close of the morning service, and their leader sits with watch in hand that they may keep their promise of a forty-minutes' session. The pastor's class for boys and girls from ten to fourteen years numbered fifty members, with a regular attendance of about forty. They studied and were examined in the English Free Church Catechism. At the morning service of July 9, those not absent for vacation appeared before the pulpit for prayer. One had received the full mark of 100; three had 99 and two received honorable mention. At the evening service of July 9, this church listened to Miss Bertha Conde, national secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Bible Study Department. She was a delegate to the World's Student Conference at Constantinople. Miss Conde was among those invited to visit Bucharest, Belgrade and other cities in those regions, where they established the beginnings of Bible study. Her account of their experiences with keen hostility and with encouragement in those strongholds of agnosticism and skepticism was thrilling. Would that she might visit all the cities of this Pacific coast!

DEDICATION AT PACIFIC GROVE.

The new Mayflower Congregational Church at Pacific Grove was dedicated last Sunday, July 23d. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. D. F. Fox, D.D., of Pasadena. Dr. Fox had lectured twice the week before in the Chautauqua course, and as his lectures had been pronounced the best and most eloquent in the course, people were eager to hear him again and crowded the church to its utmost capacity. Dr. Fox was at his best, and spoke with all the thrilling eloquence which had marked his Chautauqua lectures and captivated his Chautauqua hearers. The large audience was led in an opening prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hart of Petaluma, and the prayer of dedi-



Mayflower Church, Pacific Grove.

cation was offered by the Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga, who founded the church, was its first pastor, and is still greatly esteemed by its people.

Mr. A. E. Bunker, chairman of the board of trustees, read a statement in which he said that the building had cost \$26,000, but that the actual value of the edifice was much larger than that sum. The architect had charged nothing for his plans; the workmen had donated from ten to twenty-five per cent of their wages; the material, especially the brick, had been purchased on unusually favorable terms, and thus a building had been erected for \$26,000 which competent contractors have said could not be duplicated for less than \$35,000. After all subscriptions are paid an indebtedness of \$3,000 will remain. Mr. Bunker is a man who loathes debt and facetiously declared that just as soon as the people of the church have a little breathing time they will get up some fine morning and wipe that indebtedness out before breakfast. No effort was made to raise money at the service.

In the evening a union meeting was held. All the pastors of the neighboring churches courteously gave up their own services that they might be present in the evening. The church was again crowded—probably not less than seven hundred people being present. Brief addresses were made by the neighboring pastors; also by Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga, and Dr. Fox of Pasadena, all of whom spoke words of hearty congratulation and good will.

At the close of both the morning and evening services a number of people went through the church and pronounced it one of the most beautiful and best-equipped churches they had seen.

WITH REFERENCE TO A "BELOVED PASTOR AND CHRISTIAN BROTHER."

[Resolutions passed by unanimous vote and incorporated in the findings of Ecclesiastical Council held at Fourth Congregational Church, Oakland, California, May 19, 1911.]

This Council concurs regretfully in the action of the Fourth Congregational Church in its acceptance of the resignation of its beloved pastor, Rev. Frederick H. Maar to take effect May 1st, 1911.

His pastorate of over seven years has brought a yearly improvement of over \$1,000 to the church building and equipment, a doubling of the membership of the Church and its Sunday-school and a constant deepening in its spiritual life.

The Council desires to place on record its high appreciation of the kindly thoughtfulness of the Church in its care for its pastor during these months of his sickness. The Council sympathizes with the Church in the severance of relationships which have been hallowed by daily ministry and co-operation on the part of both pastor and people, and it prays for God's richest blessing upon the future of this Church as it continues to build upon these strong foundations.

For twenty-five years as student and pastor, Brother Maar's life has been lived before us an example of unclouded faith, abounding hope, and self-sacrificing love. His buoyant spirit, undaunted courage and unfailing good cheer have been a constant inspiration to us all. The record of his pastorate is the record of three vineyards faithfully tended, ever enlarging and abundantly fruitful.

But above any mention of what he has done must stand the record of what he is—a loyal friend, a devoted pastor, a winning preacher, a valiant sufferer.

The ministry of these years—what he has done; what he is—does not now cease, but must continue in honor and in strength.

Signed:

LOYAL L. WIRT,
CHAS. L. MEARS,
L. D. RATHBONE,
Committee of Council.

OVERTAKING A DEBT.

Twenty dollars a minute is the rate at which the friends of the La Mesa Congregational Church overtook the debt of \$800 at the dedicatory services on Sunday, July 16, and they were going so fast when the judge's flag was dropped, that they simply had to expend momentum, and cover fifty dollars more. This race to catch old Outstanding liabilities was started and controlled throughout by that expert ecclesiastical administrative, Willard B. Thorp, of San Diego. No cracking of the whip was needed, only a quip and joke now and then, and a contagious enthusiasm and kindling determination to finish the business before the benediction.

Only ten miles from San Diego, yet as withdrawn and sequestered from urban sights and sounds as though buried in the heart of Colorado, La Mesa offers an attractive home to the small fruit-rancher and health-seeker. For over a year our Congregational folk have been led by Rev. C. W. Hill, whose genial and tactful powers have been exerted to fine effect in the building up of membership and its successful migration from the opera house to a sanctuary. Built at a total cost of \$5,500, the pretty chapel stands near, the center of the town, within easy access of

the surrounding villas. It occupies a choice lot, fifty by fifty feet, and holds possession of the adjoining hundred by hundred, upon which, in due time, the more pretentious "cathedral" is to be built. The approach is up a flight of concrete steps, turning at right angles underneath a pergola, and giving immediate access to the low, square mission tower over the vestibule. The seating capacity is ample to accommodate 225, when the "accordeon" doors between the main auditorium and the Primary room are rolled back. The interior finish is plain, the girders being stained a dark oak and the walls a lighter tint. The exterior is gray plaster, and the roof shingled. Below the auditorium, and level with the street, is a bright and pleasant social room, where the women of the church served a bountiful luncheon to the three-score friends who came by special train from San Diego. The brief sermon was preached by Rev. John B. Toomay, of St. Louis, who is supplying at Chula Vista. Rev. E. E. P. Abbott offered the Prayer of Dedication, tender, appealing, spiritually fragrant and exquisite in phrase and form. Brief greetings were brought by the local Methodist pastor, and by the Revs. Hand, Emerson and Bissell of neighboring Congregational folds. The great feat of wiping out the debt was engineered in a most felicitous and impressive way by Rev. Willard B. Thorp, and when the Doxology was sung toward the end of the afternoon, the church treasurer had more than enough paid in or pledged on short time payment, to liquidate all the debt.

The church, community and denomination owe very much to that indefatigable and generous Le Mesan, Mr. Edward B. Light, who has devoted time, strength and means to the completion of the building.

SHELTON BISSELL.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SEATTLE.

A Description of the Building Under Construction.

We take pleasure in giving the readers of The Pacific this week a picture of the building now in process of construction by Plymouth Church, Seattle.

The style is that peculiar and most effective classic architecture which had its birth in the English Reformation and was transplanted slightly modified to New England. There is no ornamentation save the pillars and the belfry, which in due time will doubtless hold a set of memorial chimes. The Sunday-school and social wing is on the University street side and has a frontage of 107 feet. This of course is in keeping with the architecture of the main body. The material will be dark with light terra cotta trim, possibly stone. The basement will contain a men's club room 30x40, a dining room 58x71, which will seat 350, a kitchen 35x65, a manual training room, retiring rooms for men and women, a gymnasium 35x65, a primary room 27x51, a lunch room for small gatherings 15x18. Cheery fireplaces will be built in the primary, dining and men's club rooms. The dining and men's club rooms can be thrown together to give a dining room seating 600.

Besides the main entrance the gymnasium and dining room will have entrances from the alley. Windows six feet wide, entirely above ground, insure good light and plenty of fresh air. The entrance to men's club and dining rooms are to be finished in white enamel with ma-

hogany doors. The entrance to the main floor is into a vestibule 14x77 with stairs at either end. The auditorium, with bowled floor, will seat 800 on the main floor. The balcony is on three sides with no pillars to obstruct the view and will seat 600—a combined seating capacity for 1,400. Back of the pulpit are rooms for choir and minister. The finish will be white enamel and mahogany, a true colonial interior. On the same floor easily reached is the main Sunday-school room 71x58, with well-lighted class rooms, the library, officers' rooms, church office, ladies' parlor 30x32, with kitchenette. The parlor will be finished in white mahogany and the Sunday-school room in oak. The second floor is the gallery for church and Sunday-school, also the pastor's room and rooms which will be occupied by the denominational interests of the ters here. The Sunday-school room will seat 800. attle Church Extension Society.

Provision is made for a large organ with echo or rather antiphonal organ. There is no third floor over the auditorium, the ceiling is flat and beamed, light entering from above through glass panels. Above the Sunday-school are several rooms which will be used as needed for class rooms or otherwise. The janitor will have his quarters here. The Sunday-school room will seat 800.

The site cost \$90,000 and the building complete with furnishings is estimated to cost \$175,000.

Seattle is proud of the way in which Plymouth has stayed by the downtown problem and her sacrifice in erecting such a building when by going elsewhere or by erecting a less adequate structure she might have built without cost and might even have had a fund for her partial support. We believe she has been led by the spirit of God and that her past history, glorious as it has been, will be as nothing to her future. All our churches rejoice with her and pray God's blessing on her enterprise and consecration. Through disappointments severe and after many delays she sees her hopes ready for fulfillment.—C. F. C.

A CORNER-STONE LAYING IN WASHINGTON.

The Loon Lake Congregational Church.

The church and pastor deserve much credit for their



Plymouth Church, Seattle.

enterprise and push in the erection of the beautiful church edifice that is to grace the community at Loon Lake. Ser-

vices were conducted on the afternoon and evening of July 21st in the laying of the corner-stone of the building. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. E. L. House, pastor of Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane; Rev. H. E. Anderson, district missionary Washington C. H. M. S.; Rev. D. E. Wilson, superintendent Church Extension Society, Spokane; Rev. H. A. Luckenbach, pastor at Chewelah; Rev. Mr. Hayes, pastor at Springdale. Rev. W. J. Hindley, the mayor of Spokane, laid the corner-stone and gave one of his customary eloquent addresses. The talented voices of Mr. D. G. Black and Mrs. A. Schunecht of Spokane enriched the services. The building is to be a \$3,000 structure. Rev. James N. Lavender is the pastor.

The Home.

ONE IN HIM.

Edward Arthur Wicher.

High is the mystery above,
Deep is the mystery below,
Filling, enfolding and informing,
Whithersoever I go.

"Lift the stone from its bed of clay,
In the imprint my soul doth lie;
Cleave, with an axe, the forest tree,
In its heart am I."

Heart of all heart, life of all life,
Meaning of all mankind,
Deep in the soul of the world thou dwellest,
And in my mind.

San Anselmo, Cal.

BUYING HYACINTHS.

What little things often change and influence our whole lives! She was just a young girl, very poor, trying an unskillful hand at making a living in the city. She had all her life loved and enjoyed beauty, but now her life was bare of it.

Working at her typewriter from morning until dark; hurrying home to a dismal, half-heated, half-lighted room in the third flat, in which there was not one thing of beauty, she did not have a moment's time to attend lectures; to seek out and enjoy in picture galleries and museums, and in parks and other places, all the beautiful things a city has to offer.

She needed something to come home to, something beside her bare room, with its unlovely outlook. That is where she needed beauty. She was hungry for it, sick for it; and yet the physical needs seemed to her to be more vital than the spiritual ones. She believed beauty was a luxury. She was "penny wise and pound foolish," you see.

The spirit's laws are not so different from the physical laws after all, and both can suffer a great deal of hunger. She heard a great deal about the beauty and talent of the Mendelssohn Choir—the girls in the office, the papers and billboard were all talking of it. "Don't miss it," cautioned the man she worked for; but she thought of the new clothes she would need now that spring was coming;

and thought bitterly that he little knew what he was talking of. She saw the announcements of the concerts on the billboards outside the hall, but hurried past them. One dollar would buy her ticket; but what extravagance that would be when she was not suitably clad. She needed shoes and gloves. So, as most people would have done, she went into a store and spent her money in this practical way. Her body was clothed, but the spirit of her was not content, I can tell you.

But about the little things that change our whole way of thinking. She was doing some typing for a journalist one evening—some extra work which would give her a little extra money. Suddenly a little quotation—a Japanese motto, I think it is, caught and held her attention:

"If thou of fortune be bereft,
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves—sell one, with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

It struck her at first as the most ridiculous thing she had ever read; but as she thought it over, her beauty-starved life came up before her. The words haunted her, and I cannot tell you the effect they have had on her whole life since.

What a mistake her's had been!

Well, the next morning, on her way to work, she bought two tickets for the Sheffield Choir. She asked a striving, hard-working girl to go with her—a dear, good, little girl who roomed in the same house. I wish I could tell you the joy and uplift those two dollars bought for her. I don't think you can understand just what that evening meant to her unless you have been as beauty hungry as she was. She would have to wear her old hat for a month longer, but what of that? She had bought for two souls beauty itself—"a joy forever."

It seems like a dream, but her life changed as if she lived in fairyland. Ugliness faded—a little more gradually than it does in fairy tales, it is true, but permanently—out of her life. She surely had a lamp as wonderful as Aladdin's, for she found she could have beauty by the mere spending of two dollars. Her life was easier, and her work went along better the days following the concert. A few days later she received a raise in her pay, the fact of which intoxicated her so with joy that she made several investments in beauty.

A beautiful little copy of the Sistine Madonna was bought first. Then her little bookshelf was added, and a new book now and again; a small copy in plaster of one of the great sculptors—she was surprised how little they cost. She had learned a lesson she would never forget, and this living with beauty is a wonderful thing.

She began to look for beauty everywhere, and soon had the best of ideas on the subject, and as "beauty is ever an ascending quality," I think her ideal of other things became higher.

Her room is a bright spot to come home to now. She always has a bright flowering plant; a good magazine; she has a soft-colored shade on the light; a few practical cushions; and her few pictures are beautiful in color and sentiment. There is not one of these little things bought without its fitness being studied before she buys it. She did not seek beauty as a fad, not just that she might talk intelligently about "aesthetics," but because beauty is healthful and one of the necessities of life.

It would take such a small amount of money to buy every treasure she possesses. The intrinsic value is small, but who could estimate what these things have meant to

her? Surround yourselves with beauty—the best and most uplifting in books, pictures and music. It will grow on you until only the best will appeal to you. Then you will love beauty in friendship, love, duty, sorrow and faith, and be an inspiration to those whose lives are touched by yours.—Gertrude Neil.

THE WOMAN WHO PLEASES.

"She knows just how to talk to all kinds and conditions of men," was the recommendation given for a bright woman who makes her living as much by her ability to please as by her actual labors.

Seeing that woman afterward and observing her closely, one could not but be impressed with the truth of what had been said. She was gay with the gay, silent when anyone else wanted to talk, talkative with the shy, always good-tempered, never too animated, and never, never visibly in pain nor in tears. She was always charming, bright, sympathetic and sweet. She was witty, too, but not terribly so. She kept her wit to illumine conversation and to lighten dull spirits, not to burn hearts nor scorch sensitive feelings. Everybody went from her presence feeling comfortable in spirit and with reasonably satisfied hearts.

She was a peacemaker and a courage strengthener. There are two or three dozen such women in the world, and when you find one she will tell you that it is almost impossible for her to get an evening to herself, because so many dear, kind friends are apt to drop in of an evening. And she will add: "I am glad it is so, for I should not be able to get through the day without the prospect of these pleasant evenings. I wish the day might be all evenings with a time table that never crept beyond the limits of eight to eleven p. m."—The Ram's Horn.

HARMONY IN THE HOME.

The imperative need of harmony in home surroundings as well as in business life is being felt by thinkers more every day. It is impossible to do our best work in any atmosphere of confusion, and it is an almost invariable rule that illness and disturbed nerves are the penalty exacted if we allow ourselves to be drawn into conditions that do not spell harmony. Our home is our castle, and nothing should be allowed to enter therein that makes us unhappy.

If one is obliged to take strangers into the home on account of financial consideration, it is wise to make sure that they are not antagonistic in any way that will affect the family relations, otherwise it is better to give up the extra profit and do with less if it means peace of mind. There is no price too great to pay for harmony, for it means health happiness, financial success to you and yours, the ability to help others, and all through the gaining and holding the mental poise which is the peace of understanding. Some of us have to be beaten with many stripes before we realize the need of and grasp the knowledge of harmony, but those who have already felt a longing for it and pause to listen will get the revelation and receive its gospel like a benediction.—Exchange.

THE PETTY TRIALS OF LIFE.

You know that a great deal of the trouble of your life does not come from the major trials at all, but that a great deal of the downright misery of your life comes from petty trials. You get a letter in the morning before you begin the day's work, a carping and insolent letter, and the poi-

son goes into your blood and makes it sour all day. You wrangle at the breakfast table about some arrangement of the day, and go fretted to the day's work. A friend passes you on the street, and you believe she saw you perfectly well. Some meddler brings you a criticism passed by some candid friend, and which he carried to you because he thinks it right that you should know. There is a feline amenity at that tea table, and the two ladies go home all on edge. What are they? Such little things! But they mount up into evil temper, darkened outlook, sore heart, and bad blood. My point is this, that not one of them, was inevitable. Not one of those little trials would ever have happened if you and I had some common sense, and with common sense some kindness toward our brother. It is our social insolences, it is our irritating manners, it is the pin pricks of our conversation, it is our regardlessness of other people's feelings that darken our neighbors' lives. Well, then, is not life heavy enough for you and me? If there is anybody that says it is not heavy enough for him, and he does not suffer from unkindness, I rule him out of court. He may go home boasting and rejoicing. Is not life heavy enough for you and me without all this addition of vexation and of irritation? Why should you and I spoil our neighbor's temper? Why should we disturb his peace? Why should we lessen the poor little joy he has in the world? Why should we make his life rougher, when we could have helped him?

THE GUEST AT MEAT.

Sit down at the table, friend, and be certain that we are happy to have you with us.

We can assure you that you have been invited for refreshment and not by compunction, for joy, and not for worldly reasons.

Give us yourself in greeting, in return for our most hearty welcome.

We make no apologies for what may be on the table nor for those others who may be gathered around it. We are content that you take us on our own merits as they may seem to you.

Nor do we fear criticism, for criticism can never permanently hurt those who strive to offer their best.

We shall not explain ourselves, for we are sure that we shall be understood by our own.

If you are not at one with us, you are loosed from all holds and obligations. We do not wish to be sought save in friendliness.

But, friend, this home is holy, as holy as your own home, and to enter a home is to stand on the threshold of souls with a key in hand.

Enter gently, friend, joyfully, and in love. For we are glad to see you.—Marguerite Ogden Bigelow, in Harper's Weekly.

Our Young People

THE WISHING GATE.

Blunder was going to the Wishing Gate to wish for a pair of ponies and a little coach. Of course you can have your wish if you once get there, but how can you find it?

It is not a great gate with a sign over the top like this: WISHING GATE. It is only an old stile made of three sticks.

It is just an old stile in a field. As there are many old

stiles in fields, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him. She could not go against fairy rules. She could only tell him to go along the road and ask the first owl he met.

Over and over she said to him: "Be sure and don't miss him. Be sure you don't pass him by."

So far Blunder had gone on straight, for the road was straight. Soon it forked. Should he go through the wood or turn to the right?

There was an owl nodding in a tall oak. It was the first owl Blunder had seen.

He was afraid to wake him up. He could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Eh? What's that?" cried the Owl, starting from his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No, sir," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Wishing Gate! Wishing Gate!" hooted the Owl, very angry. "How dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" And the Owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went. What was the use of asking the Owl, if this was all?

A chipmunk came down the path. Seeing Blunder, it stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk, can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"I can't, sir, indeed," said the Chipmunk. "What with getting in nuts and the care of a young family, I have little time to visit anything."

"But if you follow the brook, you will find an old water sprite under a stone. I have no doubt that it can tell you."

So Blunder went on up the brook. He did not see the stone or the sprite. He was just saying to himself, "I don't know where he is. I can't find him," when he saw a frog on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," said Blunder, "can you show me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"I cannot, sir," said the Frog. "You will find an old crow in a pine tree. I am sure he can tell you, for he goes everywhere."

"I don't know where the pine is. I'm sure I can never find it," said Blunder.

Still he went on up the brook. He did not see the crow on the pine. At last, hot, and tired, he sat down under a tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices.

"Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! all day. First a wasp, then a bee, then another wasp, then another bee, and now you. Go away! I won't let another one in today."

"But I want my honey. I will come in."

"You shall not, I want my nap."

Looking about him, Blunder saw a bee talking with a morning-glory elf. She was shutting up the morning-glory in the Elf's face.

"Mr. Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the Elf; "but if you will keep on this way, you will meet the Dream-Man. He has his bags of dreams on his shoulder. If any one can tell you about the Wishing Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the Elf, "unless you look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on. Blunder soon went by the Dream-Man, asleep under a hazel bush, and with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over his back.

Blunder did not use his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he would say, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it."

Then his mother or sister would find it for him. So he went by the Dream-Man without seeing him, and stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing Gate?" said Blunder.

"With pleasure, sir," replied Jack. Catching up his lantern, he set out at once.

Blunder followed close. In watching the lantern he forgot to look to his feet and fell into a black mud-hole.

"I say, the Wishing Gate is not down there," sang out Jack, flying off among the tree-tops.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder as he crept out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying. "I can't find it, and I shall go straight home."

"That is not my fault," said Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

Just then Blunder stepped on an old moss-grown stump. It was a wood-goblin's chimney, and he fell away down, among the pots and pans in which the cook was making the Goblin's supper.

The old Goblin, asleep upstairs, heard the noise, and stumped down to see what was the matter. The cook looked about her in a fright, to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" she cried. "If my master once catches you, he will have you in a meat pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

Blunder burst open the door and tore wildly about the room. Of course he could not see the shoes.

"I can't find them! Oh! I can't find them," sobbed Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder called out, "I don't know where it is," and made a dash at the window.

Clump! clump! That was the Goblin half-way down the stairs.

"There is a cloak hanging on that peg. Get into it," said the cook, quite beside herself.

Blunder could no more see the cloak than the closet and the shoes. But he caught his foot in the cloak and tumbling down, pulled it over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the Goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen. As he could see nothing amiss, the Goblin went grumbling upstairs again. Then Blunder stepped into the shoes, and they took him up the chimney and landed him in the meadow.

Blunder was safe enough, but so cross! He was hungry, and it was dark, and he did not know the way home. Seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, too tired to stir.

Just then along came the South Wind, his pockets full of showers. As it was on his way, he took Blunder home.

The boy was glad, only he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things I saw in my travels," replied the Wind. "One was a hen that starved sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain."

"And what was the other?" asked Blunder.

"The other was a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing Gate, and came home because he could not find it."

BOYS MUST BE BOYS.

Mrs. Ross was quite surprised to see the chubby face of Jack Ingram, a sturdy boy of ten, when she answered the knock at the side door.

He was a neighbor, living three doors away, and he did not often bother her, as she did not encourage intimacy between her own boy and this same Jack Ingram.

It was an attractive little face—round, rosy, and just a little bit dirty. The uncovered head looked as if it had not been combed since morning.

"Say, Mrs. Ross," he stammered hesitatingly, as he twirled his little cap 'round and 'round on one hand, "would you mind tellin' a fella why you said what you did about me to Mrs. Brown when you passed over the bridge and I was catchin' pollywogs in the creek? You know you said, 'If that boy was mine he would break my heart!'"

Mrs. Ross' face grew very red, and she did not know what to answer. Seeing her confusion, Jack continued: "You needn't mind tellin' me one bit, for it was the funniest things—mother and me was havin' a chummy talk out by my rabbit pen this morning, and I just happened to say to her I was glad Cliff Ross' mother wasn't mine. So you see you needn't feel bad about what you said. I just happened to hear you say that to Mrs. Brown, and it made me wonder if my own mother saw anything wrong with me and didn't like to tell a fella. Thought I'd jist ask you, so I'll know. I wouldn't like my mother to be disappointed in me, you know"

"And pray, why wouldn't you like me for a mother?" asked Mrs. Ross, slightly piqued, for she prided herself on being a model mother and having the neatest-dressed boy in the town.

"Well, you tell me fust why I'd break your heart, and I'll tell you why I wouldn't like you for a mother," answered Jack, with all a small boy's love of making a bargain.

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Ross, sitting down on a chair on the veranda, while Jack took a seat on one of the steps, "I just couldn't stand it if Clifford puddled around in the mud like you do and climbed trees and into barns, and all those things. Why, it must keep your mother's nerves in an awful state! And she must be darning all the time. You never keep a hat on your head, and you're freckled and burned; and you go swimming in the creek, and go home with your boots strung around your neck oftener than with them on your feet. Why I would be frightened to death if Clifford did some of the things you do!"

"Is that all?" and a relieved look brightened up the grimy little face. "If that's all, why, mother don't mind them things much."

"You see, when I puddle in the mud, it's for specimens," he confided. "Oh, yes," as Mrs. Ross looked incredulous, "the pollywogs I was gettin', me and mother is goin' to keep in a big dish of water, and watch 'em turn into frogs. She says first they get the'r front legs, then

the'r hind ones, 'nd then the'r tail drops off, 'nd I can hardly wait to see 'em. 'Nd look here," he continued, and forgetting for the moment to whom he was talking, he pulled a dirty handkerchief out of his pocket, and, carefully untying it, showed her a huge black caterpillar. She shivered, but Jack, failing to notice the shiver, handled the caterpillar lovingly. "Mother and me will look at this with daddy's magnifying glass tonight," he said, "'en look it up in one of daddy's books."

"Cuckoos and orioles like these to eat," he informed her. "I guess it's the custard inside 'em." Mrs. Ross shuddered again.

"Where's Cliff?" he asked; "he'd like to see this fella."

"You mean Clifford," answered Mrs. Ross stiffly. He's away on an errand, but I hardly think Clifford would care to handle such a thing as that."

"Oh! yes, Clifford; but you know he likes us fellas to call him 'Cliff, old man.' 'Nn oh! yes, he likes bugs 'nd grubs 'nd little snakes 'nd things. He gets me to keep some for him sometimes, 'cause he says you don't like 'em 'round. So I keep 'em for him, 'nd he just looks at 'em when he gets a chance."

"You are a funny boy, Jack," sighed Mrs. Ross. "You haven't yet told me why you wouldn't like me for a mother," she continued inquiringly.

"Well," said Jack, sizing her up, "it isn't because you don't look nice, for you're a real pretty woman to look at, but you see a fella likes his mother to be chummy, 'nd not too awful particular."

"Now you keep Cliff (Clifford, I mean) awful nice 'nd clean and dressed-up, 'nd, of course, he does look nice; but some of the boys call him sissy, 'nd he don't like that. 'Nd he does look so lonesome sitting on the bank when the rest of us fellas go in for a swim; 'nd when we climb trees to look into birds' nests we have to tell Cliff how many eggs there are 'nd what color 'cause he darsent climb the trees 'cause he might tear his clothes, or scratch the shiny leather all off his shoes."

"He never can go barefoot, 'nd he don't get strong like me. Why see, I could lick Cliff in ten jerks of a dead lion's tail," he said, as he swelled out his little chest and doubled up his grimy fists. "Only I don't," he hastened to say, smiling on her reassuringly, as he noticed her horrified look.

"Yes, Cliff is a good sort if he didn't have to be dressed up all the time. He shares everything he gets with the rest of us, 'nd he's game; you can't make him cry."

"My mother says maybe I'll be a science master at the high school, like my father used to be before he died; so she lets me learn all about bugs 'nd things," he told her, speaking softly.

"Well, I must be goin' home. Mother'll be lookin' for me. I'm awful glad there isn't anythin' wrong about me but the climbin' 'nd dirt, for I'll grow out of that, mother says. Good-by, Mrs. Ross; tell Cliff to come over and see the baby pigeons I've got—just hatched." He jumped the fence instead of opening the gate, and was off like a flash.

Mrs. Ross' feelings were mixed, and she did some thinking, with the result that Clifford appeared among the "fellas" the next Saturday afternoon in blue overalls and bare feet, and had the time of his life.—Gertrude M. Neil, in *The Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

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